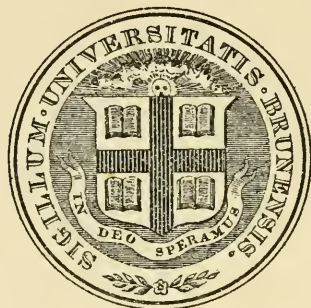


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RHODE ISLAND
ARBOR DAY
MAY 12 1916



THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY

1886 — 1916

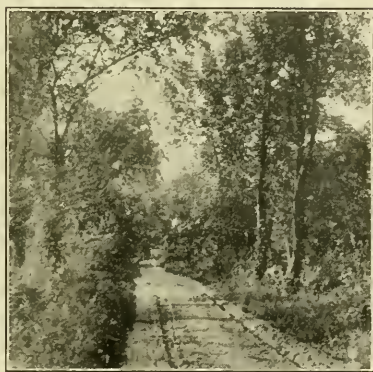
RHODE ISLAND EDUCATION CIRCULARS

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL PROGRAM

FOR THE

OBSERVANCE OF ARBOR DAY IN
THE SCHOOLS OF RHODE ISLAND

MAY 12, 1916

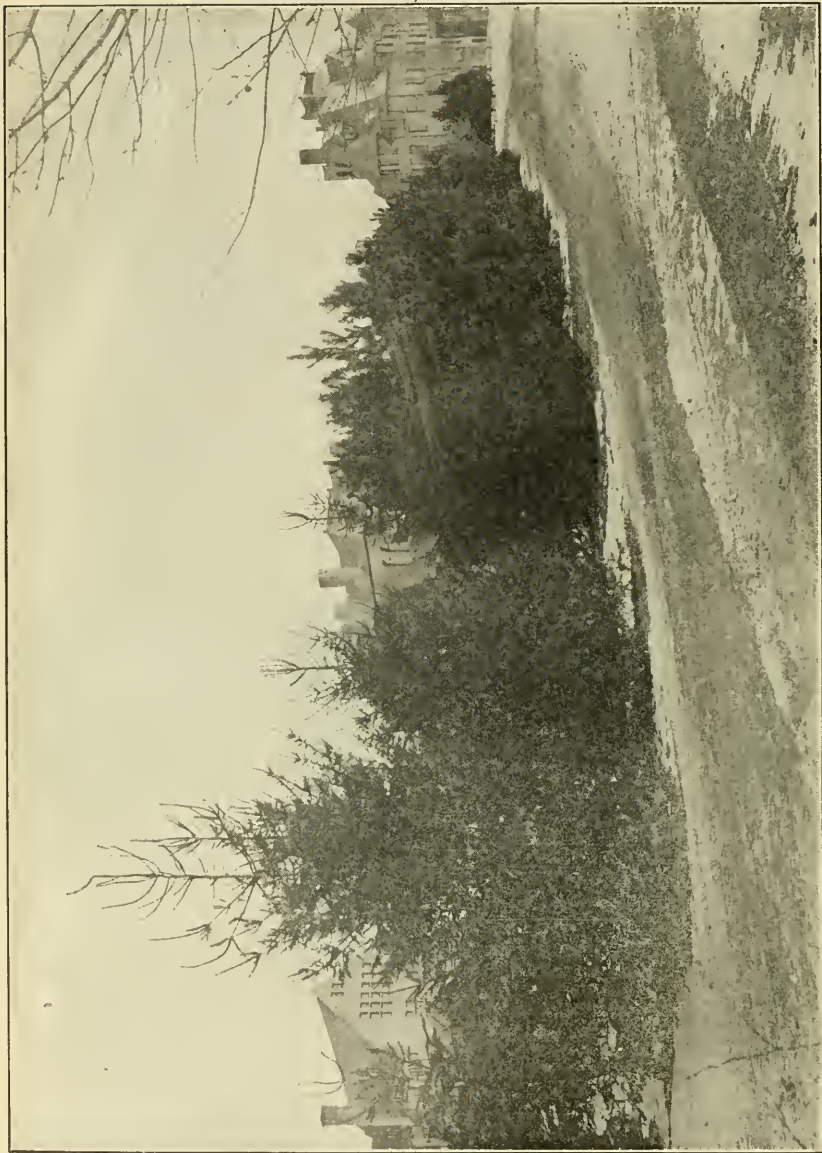


Scene on Fruit Hill

ISSUED BY

THE COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND



This row of evergreens shows the effective use of these trees for a border and screen upon the campus of the Rhode Island State College at Kingston

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

COMMISSIONER'S ARBOR DAY MESSAGE

To the Boys and Girls of Rhode Island Schools:

Springtime comes each year making all things new; and each new Arbor Day, which is the school's festival of springtime, comes with fresh lessons of the earth's beauty and goodness and new efforts in the planting of trees and shrubs. Though you have kept many Arbor Days, there are always for you fresh joys in earth's awakening, new knowledge to be sought in the out-of-door world, new tasks to be done in the planting and care of "green things growing." There is always, for each of you, some place at school, at home, or in your neighborhood, to be made more beautiful, healthful, and useful.

In past years, with the kindly aid of friends, I have sent you many suggestions for the observance of Arbor Day. A special feature of this year's program is the ornamental planting of our native shrubs. You are invited to learn about the native shrubs growing near your homes and suitable for transplanting in homes or school grounds. I have seen nearly all your school grounds; and many of them, as you know, sadly need trees, shrubbery, and flowering plants. I suggest that you look about your school buildings, see if there is some spot for native shrubs, make plans with your teacher for planting them, and carry out your plans this year or next.

I have two other suggestions to make. One is that pupils observe bare places in their neighborhood and report to their teachers, with drawings perhaps, where trees, shrubs, or flowers might be planted to make the place more attractive. Teachers may make good use of such reports for class exercises and other practical purposes. Another suggestion is that you help make our programs for Arbor Day by telling me, through your teachers, what you have done and what you would like to do on Arbor Day. What some of you are thinking and doing in one school will interest, I am sure, the boys and girls in other schools. And in all your work you may be glad to remember that yours is the common service of more than one hundred thousand boys and girls in Rhode Island, engaged in the effort to create new beauty and utility for home and country.

Nutter C. Ranger

Commissioner.

He who knows the most, he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens and how to come at these enchantments, is the right and royal man.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM

Theme for Arbor Day, 1916—The Ornamental Planting of Our Native Shrubs.

CHORUS. SCRIPTURE. COMMISSIONER'S MESSAGE. RECITATION.

SONG. GROUP EXERCISE. REPORTS—School Gardens. SONG.

OUR NATIVE SHRUBS—Short Descriptions by Pupils.

RECITATIONS. SONG. GROUP EXERCISE—Short Quotations.

CHORUS. PLANTING EXERCISES.

THE VIOLET—OUR STATE FLOWER

Selected by the school children of Rhode Island in May, 1897

In kindly showers and sunshine bud
 The branches of the dull gray wood;
 Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks
 The blue eye of the violet looks.—Whittier

WHERE THEY GROW.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Down in the val - ley, deep, deep, deep, Where lit - tle sun - beams wink and peep,
2. Out in the mead - ow, bright, bright, bright, Close by the clo - vers, red and white,
3. Up in the eld - er tree, tree, tree, Peep, and a ti - ny nest you'll see,
4. Up in the nur - s'ry, neat, neat, neat, Pat - ter the steps of wee, wee feet;



- Un - der the grass - es, hid - ing low, There's where the dear lit - tle vio - lets grow.
 With heart of gold and fringe of snow, There's where the dear lit - tle dai - sies grow.
 Swung by the breez - es to and fro; There's where the dear lit - tle bird - lings grow.
 Hear lit - tle voi - ces chirp and crow; There's where the dear lit - tle ba - bies grow.

From "Uncle Sam's School Songs."

ARBOR DAY PROGRAMS

Fifty-five thousand copies of this program are made for the boys and girls of Rhode Island schools. Those who keep their copies will find them very useful in the years to come.

Teachers and pupils are invited to help in the preparation of future numbers of the Arbor Day annual by sending to the Commissioner of Public Schools copies of their programs, reports of interesting things done on Arbor Day by schools, copies of essays and other exercises by pupils, accounts of tree walks or excursions, pictures of notable trees, and special suggestions for new programs.

ARBOR DAY SELECTIONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES

And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed.—*Exodus 3: 2.*

Thus saith the Lord God; I will also take of the highest branch of the high cedar, and will set it; I will crop off the top of his young twigs a tender one, and will plant it upon an high mountain and eminent;

In the mountain of the height of Israel will I plant it: and it shall bring forth boughs, and bear fruit, and be a goodly cedar; and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing; in the shadow of the branches thereof shall they dwell.—*Ezekiel 17:22, 23.*

The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them: and they said unto the olive tree, Reign thou over us.

But the olive tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honour God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?

And the trees said to the fig tree, Come thou, and reign over us.

But the fig tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?

Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou, and reign over us.

And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?

Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou, and reign over us.

And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me King over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow: and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon.—*Judges 9; 8-15.*

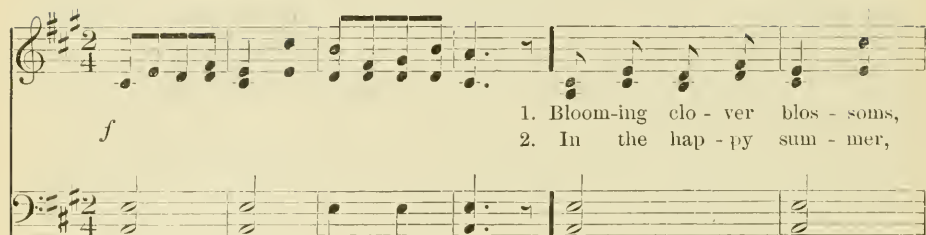
A LEGEND OF THE LILY

The gates of the night unfolded
And a seraph came down to earth,
And walked where the roots and grasses
Were striving again for birth.
"What shall I give to mortals,"
He said, "On Easter morn,
As a sign of the Resurrection
And the soul of man reborn?"

The snow lay deep on the churchyard,
For the spring was late and cold;
He moulded its pearly whiteness
In flowers with hearts of gold—
Wonderful waxen blossoms,
Starry and sweet and pale,
Made for the holy places
Around the altar-rail.

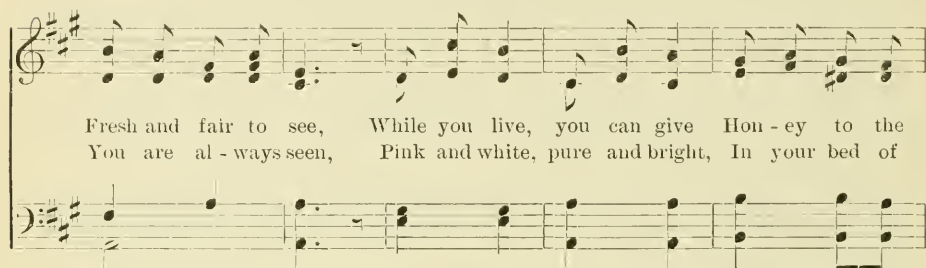
After the dead, dark winter,
After the shrouding snows,
Still in its fragrant beauty
The Easter lily blows,
And its buds like angel fingers
Forever point the way
From the frozen clods and shadows,
To the dawn of Easter day.

CLOVER BLOSSOMS



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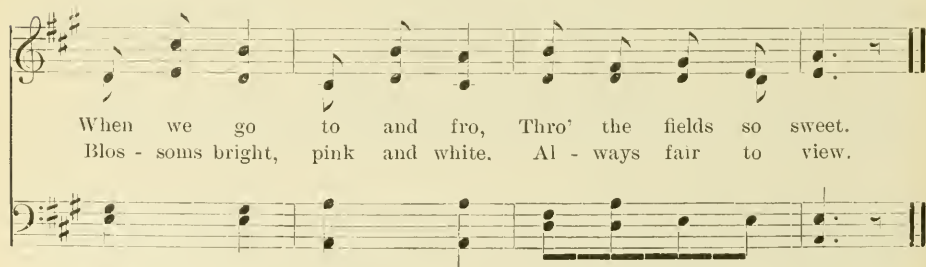
1. Bloom-ing clo-ver blos-soms,
2. In the hap-py sun-mer,



Fresh and fair to see, While you live, you can give Hon-ey to the
You are al-ways seen, Pink and white, pure and bright, In your bed of



bee! And we will not crush you Un-der-neath our feet,
green. In the gold-en sun-light, In the eve-ning dew,



When we go to and fro, Thro' the fields so sweet.
Blos-soms bright, pink and white. Al-ways fair to view.

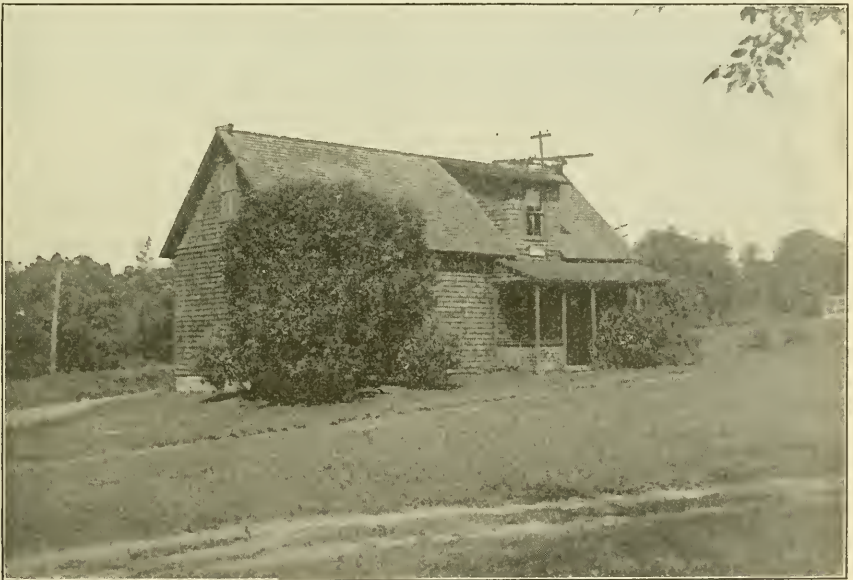
THE ORNAMENTAL PLANTING OF OUR NATIVE SHRUBS

Lorenzo F. Kinney, Jr. (Kingston, R. I.)

Landscape planting is steadily growing in favor. Surely no one would think of building a house without planning a few shrubs for the lawn. But have we forgotten the true reason for the use of these shrubs? Do the showy flowers or the striking individual plants really beautify the place? No! They merely cause us to remark at this gorgeous flower, or at that odd shaped plant, and to forget that the effect of angular buildings amid a landscape of natural curves is as discordant as ever.

The true landscape planting aims to harmonize the varied features of the place into a unified, artistic whole, and from this viewpoint the conspicuous individual shrubs become merely one of the features to be harmonized. We can now appreciate the value of the quiet, unobtrusive shrubs which form graceful masses, for our desire is to produce an artistic setting for the main building while concealing without attracting the attention towards the stable, garage, or other unattractive features. For such effects no plants can surpass our native shrubs, and we are favored with a range of types wide enough to suit the most exacting taste. There are some with brightly colored berries, some with handsome flowers, and some with red stems or evergreen leaves for our winter effects, but most useful of all are the many varieties particularly suited for background and mass effects. A nursery catalogue offers a scarcely more varied list, surely no list better suited to our purpose of true landscape planting.

These native shrubs are easily obtained. Nearly everyone has access to woodlands or waste fields where he can take up the plants he desires at no cost except his trouble, and by selecting the plant himself he has an opportunity to judge of its manner of growth and effectiveness before trying it on his own grounds.



Juneberry, clethra, cat brier, and wild clematis were planted about this unattractive building by a teacher and her pupils.

Vigorous, well shaped plants should be chosen. They should not be over three feet high (two is better) and should have grown in not too dense shade. A spade and old axe are the only tools needed. The axe is used to cut the roots, and the spade to pry out the plant without shaking the dirt from the roots. A piece of bagging should be tied about the ball of earth and roots and the earth kept well watered until ready for setting. A hole somewhat larger than the ball of earth, with an inch or two of leafmold or peat in the bottom should be prepared before the plant is unwrapped. It is then quickly set in and the earth carefully firmed. Frequent watering is desirable for a few weeks. The transplanting may be done in early spring or at any time during the fall. If in spring, it must be done before the buds have started.

But unsuccessful plantings are not always due to lack of care in setting out the plant. Far more often failure is due to the use of the wrong shrub in the wrong place, and a close observation and following of nature's examples are essential to success. Notice the arrangement of the shrubs in their native habitats. Wherever we see the most beautiful effects it is the group rather than the individual plant which gives the pleasing touch; and the most beautiful natural scenes are produced by our commonest shrubs.

The most picturesque scenes are found where open areas are bordered with masses of shrubs; the rich foliage reaching to the ground and merging above with the foliage of the trees forms a picture which appeals to the most inartistic nature. This is an illustration of one of the fundamental principles in planting, and we must keep our groups of shrubs massed along the borders and about the house, but *never scattered promiscuously about the lawn*. It is difficult to avoid the formal straight line effects along the fence or drive, but every roadside gives an example of nature's successful treatment of the same problems. The house should appear to rise from masses of shrubs about the corners and angles which serve to greatly reduce the unpleasant angular effect. Some vines climbing over the porch help the effect and we discover that the building has begun to appear a natural part of the landscape.

The exact effects of our roadsides and open fields are often on too large a scale for the house lot, but a little searching will reveal effects just as beautiful on a scale small enough for general use.

The kind of shrub must be determined somewhat by the nature of the soil and the degree of shade and moisture, as well as by the size of the lot and the nature of the neighboring plantings. The most beautiful effects are produced by masses of a relatively few different species. The general unity of the planting is best secured by using different combinations of the same species for the background effects in all of the plantings, while variety is secured by the addition here and there of a plant with a more showy effect.

A few of our shrubs best adapted to ornamental planting are briefly described to give a suggestion of the wide variety of form and color and type which we have to select from, but we must always remember to decide first on the effect which we desire to produce and then seek the plants which will give that effect. If we choose the plants for their individual merits and then try to fit them into the scheme, the results are likely to be far from successful.

We wish graceful lines and unified outlines, but incidentally we are glad to have shrubs which will give a succession of flowers as well as those which will produce good winter effects.

The Alder with its yellowish catkins and the Pussy Willow with its furry flowers are the first shrubs to show a touch of color in the spring. Both are rather tall, quickly growing shrubs, suitable for backgrounds, and will grow anywhere. The Pepperbush, or Clethra, is a similarly growing shrub which is covered with spikes of fragrant white flowers in August when other flowers are rare. All of these may be found along any of our moist country roadsides.

A little known shrub which may be used sparingly among masses of such shrubs as the foregoing is the Spice-bush, which is covered with bright yellow flowers in early spring.

The Azaleas are low shrubs particularly adapted to situations where a woodland effect can be secured thru the proper use of trees and large shrubs and in such cases make excellent foreground plants. The White Azalea with its fragrant, honeysuckle-like flowers prefers damp places while the rarely tinted Pink Azalea is better adapted to dryer ground. The Pink Azalea makes an excellent group by itself for use in an irregular mass along the drive or elsewhere.



For a hedge plant on sour soil the common blueberry makes a picturesque and useful plant

The Flowering Dogwood is well known for its handsome covering of white in late spring. It grows to the height of a small tree and forms a pleasant irregularity in the line of shrubs if placed here and there in a mass of medium sized shrubs along the border.

The Juneberry is found covered with masses of white flowers in open fields in mid-spring. It is of medium height, of good form, and makes a good mass by itself altho it fits in well with masses of almost any of our medium height shrubs.

The Juneberry is also known for its red berries in early summer. A succession of red berries may be had from June until midwinter by using the Mountain Holley, whose berries follow those of the Juneberry, and the Black Alder whose bright berries are so eagerly sought in the early winter. These three species may be planted together in masses or intermingled with groups of other shrubs.

For general mass effects near the house or drive where they will be observed at close range our best deciduous shrubs are the various Viburnums and Cornels or Dogwoods, for they are graceful in general outline as well as in every detail of leaf and stem. Several species of Viburnum are common about our moist thickets and roadsides, the Arrow-wood and Withe-rod being the best. They have flat clusters of white flowers in early summer, and make excellent foundation plants for masses in which other shrubs are mingled for their more showy flowers or berries or other desired characteristics.

The Kinnikinnik and Red Osier Dogwood are quite similar in habit of growth and are probably of even better form and fineness than the Viburnums. The Red Osier Dogwood has bright red stems which gives a valuable addition of color during the winter months. It should be cut back in the spring in order best to secure this effect.

The common Elder may well be used with the Dogwoods and Viburnums, altho it is a little coarse to be used alone. Its masses of white flowers are well worth having in a large mass of green.

A naturally rather retiring shrub similar in nature to the Dogwoods is the Button-bush whose clusters of fine white flowers in round heads against the mass of green foliage make it so attractive in late summer. It is adapted to massing by itself for use at the entrance or elsewhere, or may be used in groups of other shrubs. It may be seen in swamps or in standing water here and there, and should be used in a rather moist location.

There is no limit to the variety of effects to be secured by the use of these freely growing shrubs, the Viburnums, Dogwoods, and Elder, and even where the main masses of shrubs are of different varieties some of these will often be found useful where the form of the individual plant is to be particularly noticeable.

For a hedge plant on sour soil or for the center of a clump of Bayberries, the common Blueberry makes a picturesque and useful plant. It should usually be used with shrubs which will cover its stems in summer. The Juneberry and Viburnums may be intermingled with it, and Bayberry and Inkberry used in the foreground.

The Bayberry furnishes an unusual foreground plant whose method of branching gives it a picturesque appearance in winter. The little clusters of greyish berries from which the wax for the Bayberry candles is obtained add to its interest.

Another foreground plant is the Hazel-nut,—free growing and especially effective about rocks or where a low shrub is desired along a fence or wall.

The Sweet Fern and the wild roses may sometimes be used to good advantage as low foreground plants.

For all the year round beauty and utility there are no shrubs that compare with our broad leaved evergreens whose large, glossy, deep-green leaves are in their prime thruout the entire year. The Great Laurel and Mountain Laurel are the best known. Both are also favored with handsome clusters of delicately tinted pinkish flowers in early summer. The low growing Inkberry has no showy flower to call it to our attention, but its glossy green leaves remaining on during the winter make it a valuable addition to our list of evergreen shrubs. It is well in any planting scheme to include a few evergreens to furnish a feeling of warmth thruout the winter.

It should be noted that the evergreen shrubs do not transplant as readily as the deciduous, and the amateur will need to use great care in taking them up, and in furnishing a deep bed of peat and leafmold in order to assure their growth.

For walls and fences and trellises we have the Woodbine with its graceful habit of growth; the Cat-brier with its odd but artistic effect, and the Virgin's Bower, or wild Clematis, which is little inferior to the cultivated Clematis that is so popular.

A word of caution is necessary to those who are making their first acquaintance with the woodlands, for among the most graceful and symmetrical of our native shrubs is the poison Sumac found in abundance in our swamps and more rarely along the roadsides. It is extremely poisonous and is well worth avoiding. The common poison Ivy is also worth watching for since it assumes a somewhat different form in the swamp from its ordinary roadside appearance.

Our shrubs are here in a limitless variety of wonderful effects. With patience and care and a close imitation of nature's own ways every yard may be made a beauty spot in the landscape, and the school yards should be the first places to demonstrate this.

Altho the usefulness of the school grounds as playgrounds should not be restricted, a judicious planting about the borders and about the building would give an artistic appearance which would be a pleasant contrast to the eyesores so commonly seen. How easily these results may be accomplished is shown in the photograph of an extremely unattractive building which was changed to its present appearance merely by the use of a few plants which a teacher and her class brought in from the fields. The tall shrub on the left is the Juneberry and beside it is the Clethra. The fine mass on the porch rail is the Cat-brier, and the wild Clematis is seen growing to the roof of the porch. The splendid results to be obtained at an expenditure of so little effort make our too frequent barren yards seem almost inexcusable.



Mountain Laurel

SPRING CANDLES

There are tall white blossom candles
On the big horse-chestnut tree;
In the yellow springtime sunshine
They are burning merrily.

In the wind they bend and flicker
And in every draft they flare,
But they still are burning gaily
In the sunny springtime air.

In the moonlight every taper
Shines all white and dim and pale,
Yet the burning springtime candles
In the night-time do not fail.

But with sun and wind and moonlight
Of the summer, then no doubt,
On the green horse-chestnut branches
All the candles will go out.

—Selected

WELCOME TO ARBOR DAY.

Words by E. F. STEARNS.

Arr from GERMAN FOLKSONG.

Cheerfully.

1. Welcome to Ar - bor Day! Glad-ly we sing, Na-ture from
 2. Welcome to Ar - bor Day! Come one and all, Join in our

sleep a - wakes, Greeting to Spring! Blossoms with o - dors rare
 mer - ry glee, List to our call. Woods with their tri - bute ring,

Make earth a gar-den fair; Sound we thy prais - es with notes loud and
 Birds cheerful off-ring bring; Swelling the cho - rus in one gladsome

clear, Wel-come to Ar - bor Day! Bright words of cheer.
 song, Wel-come to Ar - bor Day! Ech - oes a - long.

A PLAY FOR ARBOR DAY

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES:

DICK.—A boy; he carries an uprooted sapling.

THE TREES.—Seven children, boys or girls; they wear long, loose, brown garments tied about the waist with brown girdles. Each child carries an armful of twigs from the tree that he represents. He wears a crown of its leaves on his head.

THE FAIRIES.—Seven girls; they wear dresses of soft colors. They have a thin gauze scarf pinned to the shoulders to suggest wings, and they wear flowers in the hair.

A log, a young sapling, an American flag on a short pole, and a flowerpot in which to plant the sapling, are all the stage properties necessary.

The play can be given outdoors under the trees; but if it is given indoors, a background can be made by fastening leaves to a curtain, and placing branches on the stage.

THE PLAY.

Dick (carrying a sapling in his hand).—Everyone says, "You mustn't pull up the flowers, Dick!" and, "Don't run against that bush!" I am tired of it! What difference does it make, anyway? There are plenty of things growing. I've pulled up this little tree, and I don't care if I did. It's only a small sapling, and no one wants it. (Yawns.) Oh, I'm so tired!

(Drops upon a log, and falls asleep. Fairies come in and dance round the stage. They discover Dick.)

First Fairy.—Ah, here he is! See, he has pulled up a sapling! He is really a good boy, but he is so thoughtless! Let's show him how precious the young trees are, and then he will not wish to pull them up before they have a chance to grow. Shall we, playmates?

Second Fairy.—Oh, do! Let's tell him how wrong it is.

Third Fairy.—Yes, we will. Wake him up!

First Fairy (shaking Dick's shoulders).—Wake up, boy, for we have something to show you! Wake up!

(Dick seems to wake, and looks wonderingly at the fairies.)

First Fairy (turning to entrance).—Little Spruce Tree, come forward and tell us what you are going to do.

Spruce Tree (comes on the stage).—I am Spruce Tree. When I have grown strong and sturdy some lumbermen will cut me down. I shall be made into long, smooth planks, and then I shall be carried far away.

Second Fairy.—What will you do then?

Spruce Tree.—I shall be made into a warm house for some jolly family to live in. When the wind blows, or the rain or the snow falls, or the sun shines hot upon the earth, I shall protect my family. Sometimes I make a beautiful Christmas tree; but some one must plant new spruce trees, or some day there will be none left. (Bows; goes to the back of the stage.)

First Fairy.—Come here, great Oak Tree!

Oak Tree (coming in and standing beside Spruce Tree).—I am Oak Tree, proud and mighty. I stand high above all other trees. Children stop to gaze in wonder at my height and frisky little squirrels scamper gayly over my boughs. I, too, shall be cut down and made into all kinds of furniture—even into a tiny cradle for a baby. I can make the inside of a house cosy and comfortable; but some one must plant new oak trees, or some day there will be none left.

First Fairy.—Apple Tree! Apple Tree, come!

Apple Tree (coming in and standing beside the others.)—I am Apple Tree, and I live in big, sunny orchards. My branches are all curled up into the cosiest kind of seats, where boys and girls may come and eat the rosy apples that I hang on my twigs. In the spring I fill the air with perfume from my dainty pink blossoms, and in the fall, cellars are filled with barrels of my sweet-smelling apples. Like many other trees, I help to give food to the people; but some one must plant new apple trees, or some day there will be none left. (Steps back.)

First Fairy.—O Chestnut Tree, come !

Chestnut Tree.—I am Chestnut Tree; I stand by the wayside, and my leaves grow large and thick. In the summer time I spread my arms wide apart, and I coax the breeze to play among my leaves. The hot and tired children, or the dusty, weary horses may find a pleasant shade beneath my branches. When cooler days come, I play all sorts of pranks with the boys and girls; I drop my prickly burs down upon them, or scatter my chestnuts all over the ground. In the winter many people think of me as they gayly roast my chestnuts by the roaring fire. I try to give happiness, food, and shelter; but some one must plant more chestnut trees, or some day there will be none left. (Steps back.)

First Fairy.—Now, gorgeous Maple Tree, it's your turn !

Maple Tree.—I am Maple Tree, restless and happy. Many people say that I am beautiful. In the autumn Jack Frost paints all my leaves, and then twirling and tossing they fall to the ground, where they lie in a bright heap until Mother Nature spreads her soft white blanket over them. When spring comes I give boys and girls my sweet maple sap, which they can make into sugar. I give people something beautiful to see and sweets to eat; but some one must plant new maple trees, or some day there will be none left. (Steps back beside the others.)

First Fairy.—Pine Tree, come ! It is your turn.

Pine Tree.—I am Pine Tree, and all through the winter my branches are covered with needles, while the trees about me stand bare and cold. All winter long I look over the white world, and sing and sing, and the wind whistles with me. When the days are cold and stormy my branches shelter many tiny birds, and keep them warm. In winter and summer alike the fragrance from my twigs gives health and strength to many. Is that not a wonderful thing to do ? But some one must plant new pine trees, or some day there will be none left. (Steps back. Dick begins to stir and is about to rise from his sleep.)

First Fairy.—Thank you, good Pine Tree ! Now, where is Hickory Tree ?

Hickory Tree (carrying a light pole on which a flag is rolled).—Here I am, good Fairies ! I am Hickory Tree. I was planted a great many years ago, and to-day I stand firm and strong. Some time ago one of the strongest members of my family was cut and carried away. Yesterday it was placed in the school yard, a tall, smooth pole, with a golden ball shining on the top. The children came out, and a flag suddenly fluttered high up on the top of the pole; a little boy planted another hickory tree to grow strong and tall like the one they took. And as the Stars and Stripes waved on that pole the children sang like this:

(As Hickory Tree unfurls a small flag on a pole, the children sing "The Star-Spangled Banner.")

(When the song is ended, Dick wakes.)

Dick (sitting up).—What a dream ! Why, I was the boy that planted the hickory tree near the schoolhouse ! So that's why we plant them ! I never knew trees were so useful. I'll never pull up another one, no, never ! (Standing.) And I'll plant this one again right here. (He takes a shovel and begins to dig in the earth.)

(The trees form a circle round him and the fairies dance outside the circle. All the children sing "America" as the curtain falls.)

—Alice G. Albee, in *The Youth's Companion*

ALBION SCHOOL GARDENS



The Albion School Gardens, Town of Lincoln, became a reality when the combined efforts of the Valley Falls Company, through their Superintendent, Mr. Erskine; the teachers and pupils of the Albion School and the School Committee, resulted in sufficient financial support, land and labor to assure the success of the venture.

Twenty-five boys and girls made application and after being assigned gardens, completed the season. Miss Anna I. Griffith, Principal of the School, was secured as supervisor and results show that the choice was wisely made.

Each garden was ten by twenty feet and was planted with a variety of seeds recommended by Professor E. K. Thomas, who also assisted greatly in planning the garden and offering valuable suggestions.

At the close of the summer an exhibit was held and prizes awarded for the best kept garden as well as the best exhibit, and achievement buttons given to pupils who had been recommended as worthy of this distinction. Competent judges awarded the prizes and representatives of the School Department and others interested in the work expressed their appreciation of the movement and congratulated the boys and girls on their success.

The vast majority of the pupils who had gardens had never had the experience before, knew nothing of the preparation of the soil or care of the plants and in many cases their acquaintance with the products themselves was limited. They were taught lessons in plant and insect life which they will never forget and by their accounts and stories of the project, received valuable training in Arithmetic and Composition. The families to which they belonged were not only assisted in solving the ever present "high cost of living" problem, but a variety of vegetables was consumed which undoubtedly resulted in in-

creased physical efficiency. Pride in their gardens developed pride in the school grounds as is shown by photograph.

In addition to this the pupils were given profitable, supervised recreation which kept them from the dangers of the street and bad effects of undirected play during the summer vacation.

Children and parents were enthusiastic about the project and plans are being made for a larger garden which will reach a larger number the coming summer.

The accompanying photograph shows the gardens and some of the busy workers with their products and the report below shows the number of products harvested. At market prices the average return from each garden was about six dollars. The seeds cost each pupil twenty-five cents.

283 bunches radishes, 12 to a bunch; 495 heads lettuce; 504 quarts beans; 328 bunches beets, 6 to a bunch; 625 onions; 81 bunches carrots, 6 to a bunch; 72½ dozen sweet corn; 70 heads endive; 3,383 tomatoes; and a large quantity of turnips.

Lucius A. Whipple, Superintendent of Schools of Lincoln



Albion Grammar School

THE ELM AND THE VINE

"Uphold my feeble branches
By thy strong arms, I pray."
Thus to the Elm her neighbor
The Vine was heard to say.

"Else, lying low and helpless,
A wretched lot is mine,
Crawled o'er by every reptile,
And browsed by hungry kine."

The Elm was moved to pity.
Then spoke the generous tree:
"My hapless friend, come hither
And find support in me."

The kindly Elm, receiving
The grateful Vine's embrace,
Became, with that adornment,
The garden's pride and grace.

Became the chosen covert
In which the wild birds sing;
Became the love of shepherds,
And glory of the spring.

—From the Spanish of José Rosas

PERMANENT CHRISTMAS TREES

It is unfortunate that there is to be no community Christmas tree in Providence this year. But perhaps another holiday season will see a permanent evergreen devoted to the purpose.

At some convenient point in the city, either on the lands between the State Capitol and the Union Station, or elsewhere, a stately spruce, pine or hemlock ought to be planted, with the idea of its becoming the center of our Christmas festivals. There should be no difficulty, at some time in the future, in raising the money required for the setting out of a handsome tree. This would obviate the necessity of chopping down a great fir whenever it is desired to have such an attractive outdoor gathering as that of a year ago.

What is true of Providence is true of every other Rhode Island town. Every place in the State might well have a living Christmas tree. The resulting development of holiday—and community—sentiment would be richly worth while.

—*Providence Journal, in 1915*

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

There's not a tree in the greenwood deeps

Like the lighted Christmas tree,
The flickering, flaring, candle-bearing, beauty-sharing, Christmas tree.
Once it swayed 'neath winter's drifts,
But now by the open hearth it lifts
Its scented branches thick with gifts,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And Oh it is a goodly sight

When the children, one, two, three,
Sweep excited, pleasure-plighted, awed, delighted, to the tree.
It bursts upon their wondering gaze,
A firmament, a forest maze,
A bit of earth with heaven ablaze,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Gather round, ye elder folk,

And here your eyes shall see
Young eyes a-shining, love-divining, hope-enshrining, by the tree.
Never was such a tree as this
In valley or on precipice
To stir young hearts to instant bliss
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Tinsel? No. And sputtering grease?

Trick and glamour? See
The children dancing; flashing, glancing; tranced, entrancing, round the tree.
Here centre all their simple needs,
Their aspirations and their creeds.
And here our own straight pathway leads
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Follow the little children straight,

Follow them to the tree,
The green and thriving, hope-reviving, folly-shriving Christmas tree.
And be, like the free children, free,
And bare your hearts for love to see,
In the glow of the lighted Christmas tree,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

—*Henry R. Palmer, in Providence Journal, December 25, 1915*

THE DAY OF PLANTING

Mrs. ADALINE H. BEERY

C. K. LANGLEY

1. Breez - es from the for - est blow, Tuned to hap - py cho - rus;
 2. Here we bring our sap - lings dear, Place their roots so ten - der
 3. Hap - py thought of Ar - bor Day! As we watch the grow - ing,

Birds have caught the same sweet song, Fly - ing gai - ly o'er us;
 In the lap of moth - er earth, They will not of - fend her;
 Lo! our twigs on bar - ren plains Shade and rest are throw - ing.

DUET.

Let us blend our voi - ces, too, In a glad - some chant - ing,
 Day and night she'll nurse the trees, Sun - light, pure, will bless them
 Then in faith we look to Him Who for trees is car - ing,

As we gath - er here to - day, This the day of plant - ing.
 Till they nod their crown of leaves, As the winds ca - res - s them.
 Glad that, as we live and grow, We His love are shar - ing.

Copyright, 1894, by HENRY DATE.

From "Uncle Sam's School Songs," HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago, Publishers.

CONSERVING YOUNG TREES

Persistent endeavor on the part of the advocates of conservation of the timber supply has greatly reduced the losses reported during the holiday season, in the northern forests. In the Adirondacks, for example, it is stated that the cutting of Christmas trees valued at \$1,000,000 has caused no damage, because judgment was exercised in the selection of the evergreens to be marketed. Instead of denuding large areas, as in previous years, only the young growth that interfered with the development of the largest and best trees was removed. The systematic selection of Christmas trees thus benefited the forests by giving more light and air to the more valuable timber.

It is regretted that the simple and sensible rules now being followed in the Adirondacks, were not observed many years ago. Millions of good trees have been lost through ignorance and carelessness of the owners of woodland. At Christmas time the custom was to strip the grounds—there was no thought of the future. The lumbermen were no less destructive—the mature trees were sent to the sawmills while the smaller growth was cut down and burned “just to get it out of the way.” The reform was late in coming, but it is fortunate that at last there is appreciation of the practical benefits of conservation in the woods.

THE APPLE-WOOD FIRE

There's nothing seems to me so good
As just the smell of apple wood,
And it's not very hard to tell
Why I so love that woodsy smell;
It makes me think of everything
The summer and the country bring;
And when it burns it shines as bright
As lovely yellow sunshine light.
Oh, I'm so glad this little blaze
Can bring me back the summer days!

—Caroline Hoffman, in *St. Nicholas*



“The first Douglas Fir ever sent East”

THE DREAM COMPOSITION

A clean white sheet of paper,
 With "Trees" written up at the head.
 "What else can I say?" sighed little May,
 "Why, trees are just trees," she said.
 "There's oak trees, and maples and cedars,
 And grandfather's willow tree,
 And hemlocks and spruces, but all of their uses
 I never can tell!" sighed she.

Then something wonderful happened,
 So strange it was like a dream,
 For into the nursery came trooping
 All the trees, in a steady stream!
 And one at a time before May
 Each stopped, and merrily spoke:
 "It's I make you chairs and your tables and stairs,
 And sideboards and beds," said the oak.

"I'm at my best making shingles,"
 The cedar tree smiled and said.
 "And my special use," spoke up the spruce,
 "Is to make the house over your head."
 "Any kind of a box I can make you,
 Except a bandbox," laughed the pine,
 "And whenever you ache, you have only to make
 A pillow with needles of mine."

The ash tree was swinging a basket.
 "I made it!" he gaily cried.
 "Any other basket—you're only to ask it—
 'I'll make with the greatest pride.'
 "Shall I make you a beautiful whistle?"
 Grandfather's willow smiled.
 "Just tap me, and see," cried the maple tree,
 "What makes maple syrup, my child."

The last in the merry procession
 The birch tree proved to be.
 And he smilingly said, as he nodded his head,
 "I'm the spool manufactory!"
 Then—dreary me!—did you ever?
 Mistress May's eyes open flew,
 And the dream was o'er but no matter, for—
 Every word in the dream was true!

—From *Normal Instructor and Primary Plans*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We are indebted to Professor Harriet L. Merrow, Rhode Island State College, for the suggestion of the special theme of this number of the Arbor Day annual and for directing the preparation of the article of Mr. Lorenzo Kinney, Jr., "The Ornamental Planting of Our Native Shrubs." Mr. Richard D. Tucker, Rhode Island Normal School, has contributed many of the photographs, as he has done in past years. Others have rendered appreciated assistance in the making of the program for 1916, to all of whom sincere thanks are extended.

MY NEIGHBOR

I have a new neighbor just over the way,
 She was moving in on the first of May;
 When she took in her household goods, I saw
 They were nothing but rubbish and sticks and straw;
 But when I made her a call just now
 I found she had furnished her house somehow
 All trim and tidy and nice and neat,
 The prettiest cottage in all the street,
 Of thistledown silk was her carpet fine,
 A thousand times better and softer than mine;
 Her curtains, to shut out the heat and light,
 Were woven of blossoms pink and white;
 And the dainty roof of her tiny home
 Was a broad green leaf like an emerald dome.
 'Tis the cosiest nook that you ever did see,
 Mrs. Yellowbird's house in the apple tree.

--*Youth's Companion*

THE PINE



Far up and alone on the hillside,
 Aged but still staunch and hale,
 When the wind winds its course from the
 westward

The monarch Pine whispers its tale.

It tells of the time when the red man
 Passed stealthily stalking his prey,
 Or carried his load o'er the portage
 From the river across to the bay.

It speaks of the coming of white man,
 With his merciless steel in his hands,
 Pushing westward—relentlessly—west-
 ward—

Destroying the broad timber lands.

It saw how the land of the Indian
 That his forefathers long had possessed
 Was bartered for dross, and the outcast
 Turned silently into the west.

It knows of the time when its comrades
 Once covered the hills with their green;
 The mute, blackened stumps are now stand-
 ing

With the brake and brier between.

It whispers of times unremembered
 By us of a new era's dawn;
 Leaving the lonely old landmark—
 A relic of days that are gone.

—*Donald E. Crouch, in Moderator Topics*

THERE IS SOMETHING UNSPEAKABLY CHEERFUL IN A SPOT OF GROUND WHICH IS COVERED WITH TREES, THAT SMILES AMIDST ALL THE RIGOURS OF WINTER, AND GIVES US A VIEW OF THE MOST GAY SEASON IN THE MIDST OF THAT WHICH IS THE MOST DEAD AND MELANCHOLY.

—*Addison*

“STATELY AND GRACIOUS WITH ELMS”

Stately and gracious with elms and willows are the smooth and grassy meadows,
 Leveled for human use by the lakes of untold ages.
 Then covered with forests, that the pioneers uprooted—
 Rich now, and full of peace; bringing back the well-loved images of the Bible;
 Meadows where first I heard the swift song of the bobolink,
 Throbbing and ringing madly, back and forth in the meadow air,
 And whence, in full summer, after a long, hot day,
 The boy that I was came back to the home barn
 Royally charioted on the high-piled, sweet-scented hay,
 Ah, there's no place like the old place !

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

LEGEND OF THE DANDELION

Years and years ago a great many stars lived in the sky. Their mother, the Moon, liked to have them shine as soon as it grew dark. These little stars were usually good children, but one night when their mother called them to light the sky, they would not shine. They did as I have seen some children do. They hung their heads and wore a cross look.

Now, when Mother Moon saw that they were not going to do as she wished, what do you think happened ? Their places were taken by some good little stars, and the naughty stars felt themselves falling from the sky. Faster and faster they fell until they reached the earth. They felt lonely and cried themselves to sleep.

In the morning the sun shone brightly and wakened the little stars lying in the grass. When they found themselves on the earth they began to cry again. The sun heard them and seeing they were sorry because they had been so naughty, called them up and smiled upon them. He told them that they were to shine upon the earth and make it beautiful. So every morning when the sun shines upon them, they open their eyes and shine all day.

THE GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze,
 To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
 And their uncessant labors see
 Crowned from some single herb or tree,
 Whose short and narrow-verged shade
 Does prudently their toils upbraid;
 While all the flowers and trees do close
 To weave the garlands of repose.

How well the skillful gardener drew
 Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new;
 Where, from above, the milder sun
 Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
 And, as it works, th' industrious bee
 Computes its time as well as we !
 How could such sweet and wholesome hours
 Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers !

—*Andrew Marvell*

PUSSY WILLOWS

I have some dainty pussies here
All dressed in soft gray fur,
But you might listen all day long
And not once hear them purr.

Nor do they run and frisk about
These pretty living things—
But closely round a slender twig
Each tiny pussy clings.

All thru the winter's storms and cold,
These furry babies swing
In cradle beds of shining brown,
On willow branches hung.

The rough winds sang their lullaby
And rocked them to and fro,
And all about their sleepy heads
Drifted the cold white snow.

But by and by the sunbeams warm
Peeped into each small bed.
And said, "Come, pussies, waken now,
For winter days are fled."

So bravely come the pussies forth,
Tho shrill the cold wind blows,
And up and down the long, brown stem
They cling in shining rows.

But when the days grow long and bright,
And breezes not so cold,
They'll change their dress of silver fur
For robes of green and gold.

—"*Songs of the Tree-Top and Meadow*"

THE COUNTRY CHILD

Child of the Country ! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Born like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new:
Fed 'mid the May flowers like the bees;
Nursed to sweet music on the knees;
Lulled on the breast to that sweet tune
Which winds make 'mid the woods in June.
I sing of thee;—'t is sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

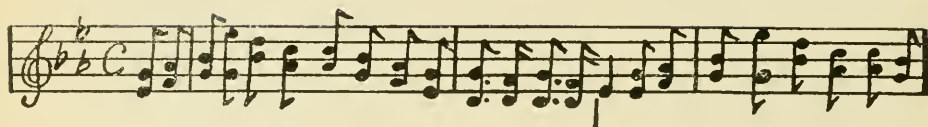
—*Allan Cunningham*



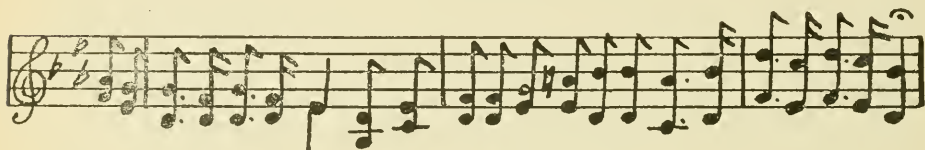
A Rhode Island Scene

SONG OF THE MAPLE

Lively.

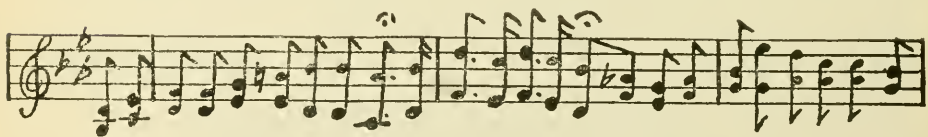
R. M. Streeter,
Mrs. E. Fitzgerald.

1. Maple, from thy leafy wildwood, Where thine early years have sped; Emblem of our happy childhood,
2. Infant leaves, unclasp your fingers, Sunshine, kiss their tender palms; Ev'ning wind, as twilight lingers,
3. On the early-dawning morrow, In the garden-world of care, We must meet the joy and sorrow

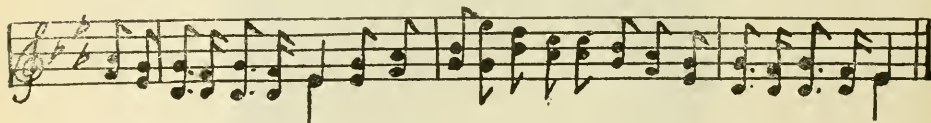


To the past forever fled; Here, with radiant Spring adorning "Banks and braes" with buds and flow'rs,
With our maple in thine arms, Sway and sing: "O dews of even Daily as ye sink to rest,
That await our coming there. O brave hearts! when restful even Finds our daily duties o'er,

CHORUS.



We, in life's hope-lighted morning, Leave thee to the sun and showers. Maple, from the happy wildwood,
May ye see that nearer heaven, Grows the nestling on my breast." Maple, from the happy wildwood,
May it find us nearer Heaven Than we were the day before. Maple, from the happy wildwood,



Where thine early years have sped: Emblem of our happy childhood, To the past forever fled.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE

Each year shall give this apple-tree
 A broader flush of roseate bloom,
 A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
 And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
 The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass; and we
 Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
 The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
 In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree,
 Oh, when its aged branches throw
 Thin shadows on the ground below,
 Shall fraud and force and iron will
 Oppress the weak and helpless still ?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
 Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
 Of those who live when length of years
 Is wasting this little apple-tree ?

"Who planted this old apple-tree ?"
 The children of that distant day
 Thus to some aged man shall say;
 And, gazing on its mossy stem,
 The gray-haired man shall answer them:

"A poet of the land was he,
 Born in the rude but good old times;
 'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes,
 On planting the apple-tree."



Apple Blossom

A WAYSIDE FABLE

ARRANGED FOR A GROUP READING EXERCISE.

1. One still midwinter night the trees from up and down the whole long road met at the crossways. They were very beautiful trees, but they were much disfigured by gaudy, unsightly signs, advertising all sorts of things to sell.
2. In the great company of trees there were vigorous maples, fragrant evergreens, and noble oaks. There were graceful elms and shady beeches. There were fruit trees, nut trees, and many other favorites of the country roadsides.
3. Merry little Christmas trees scrambled down from the hill tops to join in the excitement. Cheery whistle-willows and frolicsome pussy-willows danced along after the others. They were all eager to know what was going on. They wondered why the grown-up trees were so very anxious and unhappy.
4. A venerable pine who had long been a landmark and leader spoke first:

"Old friends, through years of storm and sunshine we have guarded this long road. We have united to make its many winding miles a delight to all who pass this way. Joyously we have offered fair blossoms, pleasant fruits, refreshing shade, and protecting shelter. We have spread a soft, fragrant carpet over the rough path. We have welcomed all singing birds and jesting squirrels to our branches that travellers might share music and mirth.

"By true kindness we have tried to merit such love as men of old had for the trees of the wood. But we have utterly failed. Our human neighbors give us neither affection nor protection. In return for our choicest gifts our well-grown trunks are marred by these great patches of strange substances without beauty, use, or meaning,—that we can discover.

"Passers-by no longer delight in the peaceful charms of the wayside. They seem to see only these ugly parasites which perplex and deform us."

5. Just then an old apple tree, which was leaning over a stone wall, called out in a hearty, jovial tone:

"Surely, good neighbors, this is a droll mistake! Those patches which annoy and puzzle you contain human speech. They are labels telling the kind of fruit men wish you to yield. The troublesome labels will disappear when you succeed in growing the fruit they describe. I know this because in my younger days a short piece of human speech was bound to my slender trunk. It had the words 'Sheep Nose.' As soon as I began to form fruit of that graceful pattern the label fell to the ground. Yearly, I grow 'Sheep Noses' and I am beloved by the entire neighborhood."

6. These encouraging words seemed very wise indeed. The trees decided to make one great effort to follow the jolly apple tree's example. They proposed that each tree should grow fruits like the objects named in the signs nailed to it. They hoped by doing this to win gratitude and protection. And so they did—but not in the way they expected.
7. Some wise young birches that lived near a schoolhouse spelled out and explained to the trees the meaning of the signs that had caused such trouble and despair. The trees then returned to their usual positions in groups and rows along the highway. All the little on-lookers scampered back to their places to be in order for sunrise.

8. Months passed by. The winds began to sing the songs of autumn. Boys and girls went out to gather gay branches, nuts and fruits. Little children went out to play in the leaves, and everybody else went out to enjoy the crisp air and pleasant sunshine. They came to the long road. But there were no brilliant branches, no beautiful carpets of rustling leaves, no tempting fruits, no glossy nuts, and no fragrant cones.
9. In place of these expected treasures the trees hung full of odd little growths like soaps, pills, yeast cakes, toothache remedies, and many other articles named on the signs which had long defaced the trees.
It was like a queer, topsy turvey dream. No one could make pretty wreaths of bright leaves, for the leaves were trying to be corn plasters, or fly paper, or pan cakes, or some other absurd thing, and none at all were just leaves. Everything was most unnatural and wholly disagreeable.
10. The trees held out their grotesque offerings in triumph. They whispered in satisfaction: "Now will old and young be glad! These are the gifts they most desire. Now indeed will they love and protect us!"
But the people were amazed and horrified. In spite of past neglect the trees were truly very dear to all. Immediately the friends of the trees aroused to action. They tore down the unsightly signs and destroyed them—every one. Then the trees understood and were glad.
11. Soon a great wind came that shook the trees free from all the false fruit. And a great flood came that washed like a river over the road. It swept away every trace of the unwelcome harvest.
When springtime returned the joyful trees blossomed into miles and miles of rarest loveliness. And no one was ever again permitted to deface the trees of the long road.

—*Edith G. Alger, in Arbor Day Program, 1911*

DAFFODIL AND CROCUS

I wonder if the daffodil
Shrinks from the touch of frost,
And when her veins grow stiff and still
She dreams that life is lost?
Ah, if she does, how sweet a thing
Her resurrection day in spring.

A wizard must have passed this way
Since—was it only yesterday?
Then all was bare, and now, behold,
A hundred cups of living gold!

—*Emma C. Dowd*

AT PEACE

Every little blade of grass
Says "Good morning" when we pass;
Every tree doth nod and say,
"'Tis a rare" or "rainy day."
Every rose on every bush,
Be it Brier, Moss or Blush,
Lifts its lips in fragrant bliss
For a caress or a kiss.

Would we only list and hear
All they whispered in our ear,
Thou and I need never know
Foolish words like "want" and "woe."
I and thou in tranquil ways,
Might employ the night and days;
Nature loveth to confer
Peace on him who heedeth her.

—Robert Loveman

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

"You think I am dead,"
The Apple-tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show—
Because I stoop
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow !
But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have started with stem and blade !
But under the ground
I am safe and sound
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive, and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own !
I never have died,
But close I hide,
In a plummy seed that the wind has sown,
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

—Edith M. Thomas, in "St. Nicholas"



Colorado Blue Spruce Among Native Cedar

ODE TO OUR CHESTNUT

By Ruth Hayden, student of Rhode Island Normal School.

(The plant referred to is one of those grown in California from nuts collected from old trees in a region of northern China, where the chestnut bark disease has freely existed for centuries. It was received from the United States Department of Agriculture and planted as a class tree in the Normal School grounds.)

Oh ! Chinese Chestnut,—thou who wert the first
 Class tree to stretch root in this fertile ground,
 And let thy tender shoots and leaflets burst
 Upon the newer clime thou here hast found;
 Oh, thou who came from far,—so small a tree
 Art thou, and yet, much do we hope from thee.
 To Henry Barnard we did dedicate
 Our first class tree. Pioneer as he was
 So art thou, in education's cause,
 Though testing Nature's and not human laws.
 Art thou, fair sister of the chestnut trees,
 Immune from the dread chestnut bark disease ?
 None of thy kind now bear thee company,
 But do thy duty—more may follow thee.
 If thou canst live in this new stricken land,
 Thy species wilt be seen on every hand.
 Be thou a treasure to the friends of trees !
 To scientists who study thee with care,
 To birds who seek thy shelter on their way
 To wooded countryside and meadows fair,
 To little children, neath thy shade who play

And make our school grounds with their gladness gay,
 And to the class that planted thee to show
 A living emblem of our loyalty.
 Long may'st thou live ! and strong and noble grow,
 With sturdy trunk and graceful crown. And we
 Shall think of thee on Arbor-Days to come,
 (The while, as teachers, other grounds we roam),
 And when, a scattered band, beneath thy spray
 We gather on some far Alumnæ day,
 Fair wilt thou be, 'mong many a happy scene
 That lives in memory of nineteen fifteen.

TO A WILD FLOWER

Wild flower, I know thee not by name
 But by thy sweet and lasting smell.
 I've picked thee oft when sad and lone
 I wandered through the quiet dell.

Thy tiny bell-shaped flowerets cling
 Around a slender central stem,
 With chalice white and center gold,
 Thou art a pure and lovely gem.

God gives each thing its work to do.
 Is thine to cheer the saddened heart
 And soothe the lonely one ? If so,
 Dear flower, thou hast done thy part.

—*Ruth Hayden*

TWILIGHT HOUR AT ASHAWAY

The western sky, soft tinted with the hues of setting sun,
 Lends beauty to the twilight shadows lengthening one by one,
 And the fresh, cool air now bearing the scent of new ploughed earth
 Gives promise of the future harvest soon to have its birth;
 The lazy cattle straggle up the rocky barnyard way;
 Impatiently the horses paw and whinny for their hay;
 A scuffle and a cackle in the hencoop near at hand
 Give token where the mother hen broods o'er her fledgling band,
 And Spotty seeks the haymow purring loudly in her pride,
 For there in safety waiting her three kittens do abide;
 The robins and the bluebirds call and answer all around,
 The cheerful little peepfrogs seem to crowd the air with sound,—
 And yet it is not noisy: Joyous peace is everywhere,
 A consciousness of Heaven makes the twilight hour more fair.

—*Ruth Hayden*

I warn my countrymen that the great recent progress made in city life is not a full measure of our civilization; for our civilization rests at bottom on the wholesomeness, the attractiveness, and the completeness, as well as the prosperity, of life in the country. The men and women on the farms stand for what is fundamentally best and most needed in our American life. Upon the development of country life rests ultimately our ability, by methods of farming requiring the highest intelligence, to continue to feed and clothe the hungry nations; to supply the city with fresh blood, clean bodies, and clear brains that can endure the terrific strain of modern life; we need the development of men in the open country, who will be in the future, as in the past, the stay and strength of the nation in time of war, and its guiding and controlling spirit in time of peace.

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

VANISHING WILD FLOWERS

Each returning spring brings us fewer and fewer wild flowers, and it often occurs now that a certain kind of flower is entirely absent from a place where a few years ago it was abundant. Unless some concerted action is taken, unless a campaign of education is undertaken, the wild flowers of the woods and waysides are doomed to extinction. This would be almost as great a calamity to the country, and injustice to coming generations, as would be the extermination of our wild birds.

These early wild flowers, these first emblems of resurrection, these impulsive responses to returning spring, these frail little bits of new life, are one of the strong but unconsidered influences that keep men in touch with the spiritual side of nature.

Shall commercialism and unthinking childhood be permitted to destroy this plan of Nature in the uplift of man ?

The works of nature will bear a thousand views and reviews; the more frequently and narrowly we look into them, the more occasion we shall have to admire their beauty.

—*Atterbury*

Nature, the handmaid of God Almighty, doth nothing but with good advice, if we make researches into the true reason of things.

—*James Howell*

There is religion in everything around us—a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate.

—*Ruskin*

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS

Here I come, creeping, smiling everywhere:

All round the open door,

Where sit the aged poor,

Here where the children play,

In the bright and merry May,

I come creeping, creeping everywhere.—*Mrs. Sarah Boyle*



An Example of Forestry in Rhode Island

REFERENCE LIST FOR ARBOR DAY

For Grades 1-4

- Flower of the Almond and Fruit of the Fig, in Foote, *Little Fig-Tree Stories*.
 Karl and the Dryad, in Brown, *Star Jewels*;
 The Girl Who Became a Pine Tree, in Judd, *Wigwam Stories*;
 The Kind Old Oak, in Poulsson, *In the Child's World*;
 The Oak Tree, in Vawter, *The Rabbit's Ransom*;
 The Workman and the Trees, in Ramaswami Raju, *Indian Fables*.

For Grades 5-6

- Apple-Seed John, Child (poem), in *Story-Telling Poems*;
 How the Children Saved Hamburg, in Marden, *Winning Out*;
 How the Indians Learned to Make Maple Sugar, in *University of the State of New York, Legends and Poetry of the Forests*;
 Old Pipes and the Dryad, in Stockton, *Bee-Man of Orn*;
 Tale of Old Man and the Birch Tree, in *University of the State of New York, Legends and Poetry of the Forests*;
 The Elm and the Vine, Rosas (poem), in *Story-Telling Poems*;
 The Gourd and the Palm (poem), in *Story-Telling Poems*;
 The Planting of the Apple Tree, Bryant (poem), in *Riverside Fifth Reader*.

For Grades 7-8

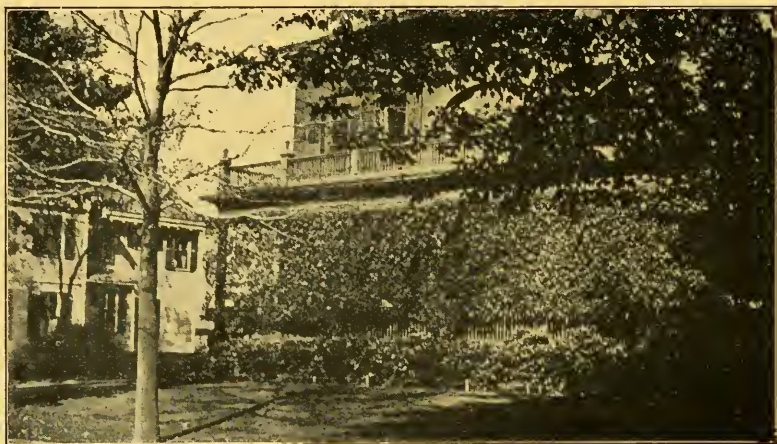
- Brier-Rose, Boyesen (poem), in *Story-Telling Poems*;
 How the Charter was Saved, in Morris, *Historical Tales, American*;
 O-So-Ah, the Tall Pine Speaks, in *University of the State of New York, Legends and Poetry of the Forests*;
 The Eliot Oak, in Drake, *New England Legends*;
 The First of the Trees; in *University of the State of New York, Legends and Poetry of the Forests*;
 The Liberty Tree, in Hawthorne, *Grandfather's Chair*, part 3, chapter 2; The Plucky Prince, May Bryant (poem), in *Story-Telling Poems*;
 The Story of a Thousand-Year Pine, Mills;
 The Washington Elm, in Drake, *New England Legends*.

THE LURE OF SPRING

How the fields and woodlands lure us
 When the birds are on the wing,
 And the meadow lark's clear calling
 Tells of earth's awakening;
 When the maple trees are budding,
 Waving willows flaunt their bloom,
 While the fields are bathed in sunshine
 That has banished winter's gloom.
 When on hillsides are the wild-flowers;
 Fairest harbingers of spring.
 And the orchard spreads its splendor
 In a wealth of blossoming.
 How the heart beats in a rapture
 At the glory that is rife,
 When the earth is stirred and pulsing
 With the mystery of life !

—George B. Staff

Oh, the green things growing, the green things growing,
The faint sweet smell of green things growing !
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of green things growing.



I love, I love them so—my green things growing !
And I think that they love me, without false showing ;
For by many a tender touch, they comfort me so much,
With the soft mute comfort of green things growing.

—Dinah Maria Mulock.

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